COLUMBIA BIBLE COLLEGE LIBRARY
COLUMBIA, S. C.

The Need of the Month—Switzerland

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

In the year that King Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. . . And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory. . . Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.

—*Isaiah* 6.1,3,8.

Published Bi-monthly by the
AMERICAN-EUROPEAN CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP
15 PHILIPSE PLACE, YONKERS 3, N. Y.

OFFICERS

Rev. George H. Dowkontt, M.D. ---------- President
Rev. Frank E. Gaebelein, Litt.D. ---------- Vice-President
Rev. George A. Simons, D.D. ---------- Assistant Treasurer
Dr. Catherine Ruth Smith ---------- Secretary-Treasurer

Subscription Price, $1.00 for two years: 10c per copy

VOL. XXVIII
No. 5

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER
1947

(Formerly located at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.)

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Published Bi-monthly by the American-European Fellowship
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization

15 Philipse Place Yonkers 3, N. Y.

VOL. XXVIII SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER
No. 5 1947

CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

The Lighthouse in Beatenberg, Switzerland

Nestled among the firs, beeches and birches, in a mountain valley nearly 2000 feet above Lake Thun, is the Swiss village of Beatenberg. Two hundred people can be housed comfortably in the "Kurhaus" here, and in smaller houses nearby. Here, in the fall of 1934, the first Bible School of seven pupils was held by Dr. and Mrs. Wasserzug. The first conference was launched in faith in the summer of 1935. Miss Ruth Paxson, of Hendersonville, N. C., was among those who brought messages from the Word of God. Similar conferences were later held in Bern, Zurich and other Swiss cities.

From these beginnings, great results have come. Bible classes have been held, through the years, in these and other cities. As light is received through the implanted Word, hearts are drawn together for prayer, that they may pass on this light to those yet in darkness. Children from six to fifteen years of age, who have attended the youth camp at the summer conferences, and who have been saved, have their own prayer bands. They promise to spend a half-hour daily in Bible reading and prayer; to conduct themselves as before the eyes of the Lord; and to witness to what they know of Jesus.

At the regular summer conference, many have been led to pledge themselves to future missionary service. The Bible classes have developed into a missionary training school, interdenominational and international in character.

Beatenberg has many visitors from spring until fall. Those who desire spiritual upbuilding know that they can find it at the "Lighthouse," and there are usually from thirty to fifty guests. To them this is like a clinic, where they may be relieved of their burdens by taking God at His word, and living out of this never-failing source, day by day.

Correspondence courses are offered in various languages. There is a Bible Depot, and new printings of the Scriptures are planned. Religious literature is published in French, German, Dutch, Ita'ian, etc. Booklets are distributed to refugees; this ministry reaches as far as Palestine, Shanghai, and many other places. A four-page monthly, called "Bible and Prayer," has been issued for the past ten years. It reaches many thousands of people, in French and Dutch as well as in German. A weekly devotional message, "The Word of Truth," is issued in mimeographed form, and sent to 50,000 prisoners of war in France. The first Tuesday of every month is kept as a day of intercession for the needs of Europe.

We know that our readers will want to remember this splendid work at Beatenberg in their prayers.

Reentered as second class matter September 7, 1945, at the Post Office at Yonkers, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of February 28, 1925. Subscription price, 50c per year. Canada and foreign, 75c.

The Need of the Month—Switzerland

And not Switzerland alone, but through her, all of Europe, wherever her ministry may reach. During the war, this country was the sole channel of communication with many of our workers, who were isolated in other lands. Now, from Switzerland, there has come to us a man on fire with the vision of God and the zeal for His service,—a man who long ago echoed Isaiah's prayer of self-dedication: "Here am I; send me." Rev. Fred Stettler is in this country on a brief speaking tour, to report on his twenty-two years of missionary service. We present two articles from his pen; both were written especially for this issue of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD.

REV. AND MRS. FRED STETTLER AND THEIR CHILDREN

The Sower Soweth the Word

"And other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased. . . " (Mark 4.8). This passage comes to mind when we think of the Lord's dealings and leadings into His service. There was a seed-sowing, there was a growing-up time, and finally there came an increasing and fruit-bearing time. The first World War was to millions in Europe a mighty warning of great judgments to come. We might compare the situation with the fire-alarm in a peaceful, sleeping village. People were frightened, and hurried to put the fire out; then they returned to their dwellings, happy to think it was all over. So people went to war, to put an end to all war. Not all of them went back to their dwellings. Some heard an inward voice telling their uneasy spirits that the fire had not really been put out, but was still smouldering, and only for the time being under control.

I was one of the many who left Europe at that time for the United States of America, the hope of millions, seeking a new start under different conditions. About seven years had passed, and preparation for missionary service abroad was well under way, when once, west of Chicago, I was obliged to go with an old friend to a local railway station. On the way we passed

a rough house that looked rather like a barracks. From it, Gospel singing came to my ears; and when I stopped to listen, I found that these were songs I had learned in Europe. Europe had come to America. I noted down the address, and found that these people had come from Russia (Samara and Saratov, on the River Volga). For a time I visited their meetings, finding a spirit of fervency and prayer that I had never witnessed before. In that place they knelt in prayer several times, until every one had had a chance to take part audibly. There I offered my first public prayer. There I gave my first public testimony. But most of all, there I got a vision of the vast opportunities of missions in the Eastern European countries.

Following the first World War, millions were left homeless, destitute, starving. These were the conditions that paved the way for revival. First a handful, then a dozen, and soon hundreds met for prayer. They read the Bible. Perhaps a passage like, "Repent ye, and believe the Gospel," would bring them to their faces, and hours of actual repentance followed. I have known cases where people spent thirteen hours on their knees, without going home to eat or drink,—praying, weeping, confessing their sins, and giving themselves to Christ.

Once acquainted with the vast needs of these fields, and the urgency of the call, it was but natural for me to go and serve the Lord and these peoples in Eastern Europe. Unfortunately, early in the twenties the doors for Gospel work in Soviet Russia were completely closed to foreigners, so I landed as close as possible to the Russian frontier, in Roumania. Though it was only one year, I am so glad for the time spent there. What great opportunities among this people! Today they are liberated from the pressure of ecclesiastical powers which formerly closed hundreds of Gospel meetings and imprisoned hundreds of evangelists. Now, at least for a time, they can once more unfold the riches which are in Christ.

Not only in Roumania, but also in Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia, there were remarkable awakenings and spiritual movements between the years 1920 and 1930. In Poland alone, it was estimated that some 60,000 believers had been gathered into church membership, mostly Russians and Ukrainians, but also Germans and Poles. God permitted us to labor some twelve years in Poland, visiting more than forty churches and meetings among the German-speaking colonists. But our special concern was to reach the Polish Roman Catholics, who constituted the vast majority of the whole population. For this purpose we published close to a million Gospel tracts in the Polish tongue. We know of instances where the tracts came first, then the evangelists, forming the nucleus of churches that exist to this day. The seed actually fell into good ground, growing up and bringing forth fruit in due season.

In 1939, under gathering war-clouds, our work terminated, as we were ordered to leave the country within thirty-six hours. Our hearts were deeply sorrowful at being thus separated from the work with which we had become so intimate, and which promised so rich a harvest. But before a year had passed, we could see the good hand of God so very clearly in this leading. The war, like a vast flood, had swept over the country, leaving ruin and desperation in its wake. So we learned to thank God for this unsought-for expulsion.

In Switzerland, our home country, we found an altogether different work. Starting anew with a family of six was not easy. It was hard to find a new field of activity, among a people who are somewhat reserved, and slow to trust in strangers. Several years passed before we could win full confidence and brotherly fellowship among like-minded Christians. In the meanwhile, war had shown us why God assigned us this new field of labor. Neutral Switzer-

land stood like an island in the midst of a turbulent sea of destruction and hatred: the land of the international Red Cross, the land of mediation between belligerents, the land of many humanitarian movements. This was really the ideal place from which to help and encourage the Christian efforts that were being made all around us.

Once there were some thirty thousand Polish soldiers coming in. Then there came large numbers of French, and at other times Jews, Italians, refugees, even Mohammedans from Africa and from Azerbaijan, by the thousands. Could one have chosen a more cosmopolitan mission field? While we could not get out, they were sent to us,—to our doors, into our streets, camps and school-houses. Wonderful opportunities!

Anyone having some knowledge of what war may do to people could easily foresee conditions and obligations immediately after the war. Food and clothes would be required in enormous quantities, for the destitute. Twelve million refugees from the Eastern European countries constitute a challenge and an opportunity which Christians cannot overlook. We have a literature demand of approximately one million Gospel tracts a year, in several languages. Whole countries are without Bibles, song-books, or Gospel tracts. Hundreds of parcels of these could be sent to prisoners of war in Egypt, France, England, and even in Japan. Literature has been and can be used for some twelve European countries, in about twenty languages.

For the areas where churches have been destroyed, we should be able to provide at least one Gospel tent for tent-campaigns during the summer. About eighty per cent of the children of some of the surrounding countries are undernourished and threatened with tuberculosis, which may handicap them for life. We have sought to provide places for such children, and have taken many of them into Switzerland for a three months' vacation. Some five or six tons of food and clothing have been sent off to the needy.

What vast opportunities for Christians! Could we ever find a time when the harvest-fields would be whiter? Every prayer of yours, every encouragement, every clothing-package, every food-parcel you can send (we gladly furnish the addresses of worthy believers), every gift toward our work, every special provision for the literature fund, or for the children's vacation fund, is welcomed. For all the help you have given us hitherto, we express our deep appreciation. Our help brings a ray of sunshine into the night of hopelessness. Let us not leave these needy ones to hope in vain! Let us help them to the limit of our ability. Your help is their hope.

FRED STETTLER.

The Friend from the Street

(Luke 11.5-13)

What would the world be today, without friends? We are beginning to realize anew, as never before, what a blessing true friendship can be. Now, for the first time, it becomes apparent what a genuine friendship may mean: now, when millions are in need. Then one thinks of his old acquaintances and friends, whom in normal times he would long ago have dismissed from his mind. But now, when people, in the overwhelming need of the present, are at a complete loss what to do, how there comes to every man the thought of this or that friend out of the past! Could we not perhaps turn to such a one? Have we not, for our part, in good times, maintained friendship with one another? Do we not have mutual interests, and much in common? Have we not eaten at the same table, sung together, prayed with one another,

enjoyed our mutual intercourse, shared our joy and sorrow with one another? Naturally, in the course of time, we have become separated. People hardly write any more. One has been led to this place, another to that. For a long time we heard nothing more of each other, until now the friend suddenly stands before the door. We certainly had never thought of him. "Where do you come from? How are you? What has happened to you?"

But, in reality, this is not one person alone. There are many, many millions of these people, without shelter, without support, without clothing, without sufficient nourishment, without the primitive necessities of life, without any hope for the future. How good it is that we know the Lord Jesus Christ, who has said: "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." God is our Father and Friend. Is He not the Ever-Willing One, in whom we have confidence; who Himself, in the midnight hour, at the most inopportune time, is always accessible? To whom shall we go, if not to Him?

But has not also the Church of Jesus Christ received something of this compassionate, fatherly, divine spirit, which makes her now a shelter and a retreat to which all who are in need may turn, in the hope of finding there relief and constructive brotherly aid?

Today, many people are standing before our doors. Look upon them. They have been three and four weeks on the way. They have travelled on foot as much as seven hundred miles and more. What they have experienced of privation, horror, hunger, cold, robbery, murder, and agony, no book can set forth. Wounded and exhausted, with faces ashen-gray and disfigured, sick in spirit, soul and body, they are at the end of their own resources. In deadly weariness they sink down, hoping only that they will never have to wake again. Thus they lie before the doors of the Church of Christ. Where else should they have come, but here?—when throughout the world compassion is dead and ridiculed, when brutality triumphs, when heart and soul are dismissed as sentimentality, when only the trained body and the absolute human reason are at the controls! Have men not learned this in their schools, and heard it from their pulpits? Long live our human reason! Long live the soul-less man! Man is a soul, and yet, it is said, he has no soul.

How is it, then, with the Church of Christ on earth? How will she meet this need? Is she prepared? With shame she must acknowledge: I have nothing laid up, I am not ready. It all came too unexpectedly. I myself have nothing. . . What did you do, then, in good days? How have you wasted your time? Why have you not had foresight at the proper season? Have you no bread? Have you no oil in your cruse? Have you no provision laid up for the evil days? Have you no consolation to offer? Have you no shelter, no power to comfort and to help? What have you done with the seven good years? How will it be with you, when the seven lean years come? For this much is clear: they *are* coming, sooner or later.

So the first friend goes away from his house. A lucky thought occurs to him. He has a friend, who certainly is much better off than he is himself. This man has a plentiful store. He can certainly help. Up, and let us go to him! We knock at his door. "Friend, open to us!" But what a disappointment! "Trouble me not. The door is shut. Come tomorrow. Come later! My children are with me in bed, one on my right, one on my left. I cannot rise and give thee." Excuses! Evasions! A perfect flood of rhetoric! O Church of Christ, are there not such even among you,—those who always have a whole series of excuses in readiness? "Leave me in peace! Come at a more convenient season! Surely, friends are most unreasonable in their demands! One could take offense at these beggar-friends! I have no time now!"

But the need is pressing. The friend will not let him go. His friend, from the highway of life, is in such great need. The night is cold. After many replies and counter-replies, the friend finally gets up, because of the other man's importunity and persistence. He gives him everything that he wants. It is the midnight hour. Or has it begun to grow a little lighter, during this parable of our Saviour's? And yet, do we not have the feeling that "The night cometh, when no man can work"?

Thus, suddenly, the precursors of the Last Judgment stand before our door, and knock. They were no worse and no better than any one of us. Like a torrent, tragedy overwhelmed them, and now they are standing there. They have an urgent message for us: Mortals, awake! Prepare yourselves for the time of need. It is the hour of judgment that has come. Christians, your sins will not go unpunished! Children of men, God is not only Love, He is also Light. He is a holy God. These are, as it were, living reminders: Even so may it one day be with you. Buy up the time! Seek the Lord, while He is near! Occupy till He cometh! Be all the more diligent to make your calling and election sure! They say to us, "To whom much has been given, of him shall much be required." They lie, like Lazarus, before the door of the rich man, full of sores; they will be satisfied with the crumbs. They are like the man who fell among thieves and murderers, and who needed help. We are not priests and Levites, to pass him by on the other side. We are fellow-travelers of the Good Samaritan. Or must Isaiah 57.1 prove true of them: "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come." What a time of responsibility now ensues for the Church of Christ!

No one wants to get another person up at midnight, except in cases of the most absolute necessity. But we are in the presence of a friend. He will understand immediately. Surely he will not be angry with us. When he knows what condition we are in, and all that we have experienced and endured, and are daily enduring, he certainly will not be offended at us. So we keep on knocking, even though he is in his first deep sleep. With this parable the Saviour seeks to reassure us that we must ask, even when the hour may seem inopportune, and even when we meet with nothing but discouragement.

Dear friends of our Mission, with us it is almost as it was with the friend who had nothing, or at any rate, had only that which had been given and granted to him. Be not vexed with us because we are always knocking, again and again. For day by day, constantly, people are knocking at our door, so many of them, and so insistently, that we can do nothing else but carry the request farther on, until here and there a sleeping friend has been brought by this knocking out of his warm feather-bed, until at last the cold reasoning power ceases to rule, and the heart gets the upper hand, and the Christian arises at an unseasonable hour, and takes thought for the man on the highway in the darkness of midnight.

FRED STETTLER.

THE LIST OF ONE HUNDRED

As announced in our July-August issue, Brother Stettler has furnished us with the names and addresses of a hundred needy Christian families. Our aid will enable them to help others. Will you "adopt" one or more of these families, sending them food and clothing as you may be able? We will send names and addresses at your request.

The Entrance of Thy

These acknowledgements of Bibles sent, and requests for more, have been received by Rev. Fred Stettler and Pastor Bernhard Goetze. They show the great hunger for the Word of God in Europe today. Will you not pray that these needs may be satisfied?

Thank you so much for the Bibles. I passed them on to refugees who had none.

Many hearty thanks for the Bible. I received it with much pleasure, and gave it out at once. Our refugees in this country have asked me for more Bibles. Therefore, I should be obliged to you if you could send me three more copies.

I ask you earnestly to send me a pocket-Bible if possible, as well as a larger one. My pocket-Bible suffered a great deal during the war and the captivity, particularly by being lent out to comrades in Russia. This happened quite often, so that a number of the pages have been damaged or have come loose from the book. I should therefore be exceedingly thankful to you if you could possibly send me a new Bible, or even a second-hand one in good condition. The larger one that I need is for a refugee family that is living here; they want it very urgently.

Many thanks for the three Bibles. I have passed them on to refugees. But I still urgently need two more.

Many thanks for your parcel containing tracts, Bibles and New Testaments. The refugees had great joy in these. But many of them are still waiting for Bibles and Testaments. If possible, I would like some more.

I want to express my heartiest thanks for the consignment of Bibles. They have already been distributed in our parish. The demand is great. I want to ask you whether I can obtain another consignment. New Testaments, especially for the young people, are also in great demand.

Today I have a great request to make of you. I read in your last circular letter that you are expecting a large shipment of Bibles. As I intend to form a youth-group here with the help of God, Bibles are needed. I should be much obliged to you for a small consignment of them.

I have received the Bible with great pleasure, and I thank you heartily for it. I was afraid that it would not arrive in time for the marriage of my sister; but the Lord answered my prayer. In case you can spare another Bible, will you please think of me?

I was very glad of the Bible, and thank you very much for your kind remembrance. It is my earnest wish that our son may love the Word of God, even as I do. May it be his guide all through life!

As we are refugees, and have not possessed any Bible for a long time, I ask you to send me one, if possible. It will be a comfort for us and for our children, who are now growing up.

I thank you heartily for the repeated consignments of Bibles and Testaments. They are a rich gift for everybody who is entrusted to our care. (From a pastor.)

Words Giveth Light

Four Bibles have arrived, and have been gratefully received. Many, many thanks for your love. May they bring the blessing that we may expect, according to His promise: "My word shall not return unto me void."

I thank you heartily for the fine New Testaments and the leather-bound Bibles. In the Russian occupation zone it is not possible to obtain any. Will you please express our thanks and joy to the kind Swiss donors? I still need three more Bibles for believing refugees.

Some days ago I received from you the wonderful Bible, for which I thank you very much. I cannot express to you the joy I had on opening your parcel. Thus I can again give pleasure to a dear friend who is longing for the Word of God.

I thank you so much for having sent me the fine Bible and New Testament in Polish. Sister G. is especially pleased with this, as she is now able to read the Holy Scriptures in her own language.

I have received three Bibles and five New Testaments, but all of them are already distributed. It was like a drop of water on a hot stove. I should be thankful for more Bibles and Testaments.

May I ask you again for a Bible, which I want to give to an old mother who does not possess one.

Yesterday the two Bibles arrived here, for which we thank you very much. We now can comply with the request of our relatives, and give them the precious Word of God, of which they took no notice in former times. At the present time, the need has induced people to seek God and His Word.

We are now able to take part in the religious lessons at school. I read the Bible every day, and hope that God will always help me.

I was especially pleased to have the Bible, which reminded me so much of my wedding-Bible. How many things I have lost!

I beg to acknowledge receipt of the Bibles and Testaments, and thank you for them with all my heart. I am so glad that I am able again to comply with some of the many requests which are addressed to me.

Could you perhaps send a Bible to Miss ——— ? She is a dear sister, sixty-five years of age. Some months ago I sent her some old Bibles, because she wanted to have them for four little girls.

How happy I am to possess a Bible again! When the postman handed it to me, and I had unpacked it, I at once folded my hands over the Bible and thanked the Lord.

I thank you very much for the Bibles. The demand is so great that I could distribute a hundred copies.

My joy was so great when I received your Bible some time ago. I had not expected such a prompt fulfillment of my wish.

The Bible which I requested has come to hand today, and I am extremely happy about this treasure, which is now mine. It is my prayer that each word in it may be my own, and that the Word may not remain dead letters for me, but may be spirit and life.

In the Cauldron of Russia

Life of the Rev. I. S. Prokhanoff. Fourth Installment.

From reading the Acts and the Epistles, I saw that the apostles sought contact with many different social and religious groups. Deciding to follow their example, I visited the members of various sects. There were, for instance, the Chlisti, who were strict vegetarians, and who professed to speak in tongues. We gained some converts from among them.

The students of the Institute of Technology, as well as those attending all other colleges and universities in Russia, were either indifferent or hostile to religion. Materialistic theories were prevalent among them, and political and social questions claimed most of their attention. A number of political parties were formed among the intelligent classes for the purpose of overthrowing the Czarist regime. The students also went out among the peasants and factory workers, and sought to preach political freedom to them. I tried to proclaim the Gospel to these students.

But my most interesting early contact was with the great novelist and social philosopher, Leo Tolstoy. Even before my entry into the Institute of Technology I was, of course, acquainted with the main points of his doctrine. While there, I met some of his followers. After we had received our diplomas as mechanical engineers, my friend S. and I decided to visit our homes in the Caucasus, before beginning our future work. Our route took us through the city of Tula, near which was Tolstoy's estate, Yasnaya Polyana; so we decided to visit him.

We hired a cab from Tula, which brought us to the estate. As we drew near the house, we saw an old man with large features, gray hair and beard, wearing a white cap, white blouse, gray trousers and rough boots; he looked like a gardener. He carried a walking-stick, and was eating a piece of dry bread. We recognized Tolstoy.

We introduced ourselves, and he invited us to walk with him. We said, "We aim at being disciples of Christ, and we would like to have a talk with you about Christ." After our conversation, Tolstoy permitted us to read the manuscript of his new book, "The Kingdom of God Is Within You." While we were reading, he took a basket and went to gather mushrooms in the woods. Later, he invited us to have dinner with him in his room, where we enjoyed the mushrooms he had picked.

Of course we could not persuade Tolstoy to change his mind. Still less could he influence our convictions. After the conversation with him, I became more firmly convinced than ever that the salvation of the world is in the simple Gospel; not in a part of the Gospel, but in the whole Gospel; not even in the highest and most clever interpretation of the Gospel, but in the Gospel itself; that the wonderful substance of the Gospel can be understood, not by philosophers, but as it is revealed to the humble, childlike heart.

In saying good-bye to us, Tolstoy said that he believed us to be sincere young men, and wished us all good things. He accompanied us to our coach, and we departed. Our coachman, Alexey, said that in our absence Tolstoy himself had come and invited him to the house, where he had his dinner with the servants.

A strange mystery surrounds the death of Tolstoy, which occurred on November 7, 1911. A few days before, he had left his home, without saying a word to anyone. Police officers were sent everywhere to seek him. He was finally located in the home of the master of a railway station, lying ill in bed. After a few days he died there, in the presence of his closest friends

and most intimate disciples; but neither his wife nor the other members of his family were allowed to approach him. It was later revealed that, before reaching the station-master's house, Tolstoy had visited a monastery where lived a very old monk, widely known for his saintliness and wisdom. Tolstoy spent considerable time in conversation with this hermit. What was the nature of that conversation? What was the state of mind of Tolstoy after he left the monastery? We do not know.

I began active meetings in the city of St. Petersburg. One Sunday morning I was led to preach from Luke 12.32: "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." I described how small and weak and insignificant was our flock, as compared with the pompous organization of the Orthodox Church. During the course of my sermon, I made a prophecy which has since been fulfilled. I said: "The days will come when we will preach in the churches and cathedrals of the Greek Orthodox Church!" After the meeting, some of the brethren crowded around me: "What did you say, Ivan Stepanovich? It is impossible!" Yet thirty-two years later I actually preached in a well-known ancient Greek Orthodox Church at Moscow, and in a temple which was presided over by the Metropolitan.

Following our visit to our homes in the Caucasus, my friend S. and I worked on the estate of a rich landowner, Nepluev. As we tried to preach to his workmen and even to himself, our position there presently became untenable, and we were compelled to resign. We then endeavored to found a Christian agricultural community somewhere in the south of Russia, a special settlement conducted on Gospel principles. Others became interested and joined with us, and an estate was bought in the Crimea.

On this estate, everything belonged to us. There was a certain distribution of labor. I had to take care of the cattle, horses and oxen. I also had to make pits for planting vines, and have dug as many as a hundred and eighty such pits during one day, which was a record for that kind of work. After a hard day's work and our evening meal, we all gathered together; I would read or tell something of Church History; the sisters would be quietly sewing or knitting, while they listened with the brethren. Those were memorable evenings, and this was the real beginning of our Bible School.

But the local authorities began to watch us. I received a telegram from Vladikavkaz, informing me that my father had been sentenced to exile. My mother asked me to come and help her in her difficulties. Of necessity, I had to leave our community. On my arrival at Vladikavkaz, I learned that my father and two of the brethren had been exiled to the Transcaucasus, having been accused of disseminating harmful religious propaganda. I went to St. Petersburg and tried to intercede for them, but it was useless. Just at this time, in September, 1894, a circular was issued by the Minister of the Interior, legitimizing all kinds of persecutions of the Stundists. Under the circumstances, further existence of our farm community proved to be impossible. We sold what we could, and many brethren emigrated to other lands.

(To be continued)

Commemoration

It scarcely seems possible that a whole year has passed since our beloved former Secretary-Treasurer, Rev. Norman J. Smith, went to be with the Lord. In commemoration of this time, his close friend, Mr. F. Spencer Johnson, of Croydon, England, has written a beautiful and moving article, "No Matter Which Way the Wind Blows, God Is Love." It is illustrated with Mr. Smith's last picture. Copies will be sent to those friends who request them.

Brother Lukesh's Labors

Znojmo, Czechoslovakia, September 1, 1947.

Dear Prayer-Helpers:—

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose" (Romans 8.28). This verse really should not be quoted without the end of the preceding one: "The Spirit . . . maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God." What a privilege, knowing one's self to be included in His Will!

At the conclusion of the special summer work, we attended a Sunday-School teachers' conference in Eastern Slovakia, having been scheduled for several lectures and demonstrations. The place where this conference was held is at an altitude of three thousand feet above sea level. The weather turned out colder than usual, the building was not finished, and there were a number of other handicaps. But the attendance was good. The Sunday-School teaching is generally behind the times, so we hoped to inspire people to more effective work. Oh, for a teachable spirit in the sense of the Master, who invites: "Come, learn, follow me."

We stayed only four days, while taking our part in the work, then hastened still further East, to contact some friends. The cold and lack of sleep made me walk at times like one in a daze. On the railway train we also had a number of serious contacts, instead of getting our rest. How could we sleep, if some might thereby lose their only chance to hear the Gospel? The announcement of our arrival having been detained by the slow mail, we managed only two small impromptu meetings, besides some private visitation of several old people, who knew only German, and appreciated hearing the Word.

On the return trip, where we changed trains, instead of waiting in the cold railroad station full of tobacco stench, we spent the two and a half hours at a friendly baker's shop. In the midst of his work of making the loaves of bread, I had the opportunity of speaking to an unbelieving helper, who had to admit the truth, but loved sin more than to yield to salvation. Finally, after some more jogging on the railroad, we reached the end of the almost twenty-four hours' trip on "express" trains.

Last spring I reported the passing away of a certain woman, after she had found the Saviour. Now her sister from Vienna has finally been given permission to come over to settle the affairs of the deceased one. On hearing what the contact with us had meant to her sister, she came over to thank us. That, of course, was an opportunity not to be missed, leading to a four hours' conference and battle, with the victory of the Lord at the end. She exclaimed: "I had to come all the way from Vienna, to find the salvation of my soul." The short while she was here, she was faithful at the meetings and took all advice seriously. Now she has gone back to her husband and her relatives in Vienna, to bring them the Light.

These other things are almost crowding out the report on our Daily Vacation Bible School, which we had for three weeks, with an average attendance of thirty-five each day. For children of pre-school age, we taught the Twenty-third Psalm and a number of verses, illustrating them on the flannel-board. We also made patterns of the pictures used, for them to color, cut out, and paste in their work-books. In this way the teaching becomes real to them; they learn more quickly, and the truth stays in their minds. The Juniors had similar work, memorizing Bible verses, and studying the Gospel of John. Each group had some new songs besides, and at the end of the course, there was an interesting program, inspiring even to strangers, who attended and found blessing. A daily lunch of cocoa, bread and jam was served to the children.

We have much interesting correspondence, with requests for Bibles and information. These come mostly from the places we have visited. One man, on an old-age pension, wants to read the Holy Book, and then leave it to his children. It takes time to sift out the requests, deciding just what to do in each case. A mishap which occurred on the journey has further hindered me: I stumbled over two steps in a dark hallway, and though the damage seemed slight, it caused a reinfection of an old leg-injury of many years ago. I was laid up for some time, and am still not able to take any more long journeys, unless better means of transport are available. The Lord knows.

Among the problems that we continually face, perhaps the most perennial are marriage tangles. People come for advice, both the unscrupulous ones and the erring ones. Holidays, elections, the drought, and plans for relief, are added complications, with everyone trying to fill his own pockets.

A good sister has requested that we announce what things are still rationed. It is easier to say which are not. Partly skimmed milk, though rationed, has been obtainable quite freely, but now a further restriction has been put into effect: those above twenty years of age may not get even the few ounces still being granted. That means stoppage of cheese production, and also rationing. Potatoes have not been rationed, but one has to scour the whole neighborhood to find a couple of pounds. How long vegetables and fruit will remain free, is still uncertain. The "certified" prices are quite high, yet the producers feel they are not getting enough to warrant the gathering, therefore much rots in the fields and gardens. Later on the lid surely will be clamped down again. That concludes the free list, except liquor, which was the first on that list, and probably will always remain.

Of course, politics reach far and wide, and were it not for the promise of the Lord, nothing good would be in store for Europe. Praise the Lord that we still may proclaim salvation, and ask your prayers on our behalf.

In Him,

CHARLES AND EDNA LUKESH.

The Gospel Is Proclaimed in Germany

Uslar/Solling, Germany, August 25, 1947.

My dear Brethren and Sisters in the Lord:—

About two years ago, God led me to Western Germany in order to preach the Gospel. Wherever the message of the Lord was given, He did not withhold His rich blessing. I therefore did this work with the greatest joy, and in the strength of the Lord I have accepted the many invitations I have received, preaching the Gospel in small and large towns in the West of Germany.

An enormous blessing lay over the Gospel-week I spent at Lemgo-Lippe, July 16th to 21st. I have never seen anything quite like it. My work was supported by the cooperation of the clergymen of five Protestant churches. The church in which I preached had about 1500 seats, and at many meetings it was practically filled. I will never forget the last day there, when I worked in the church from four o'clock in the afternoon to half-past ten at night. I had not even time to take supper; my friends brought it to me in the church. After the first Gospel-meeting, more than a hundred persons wanted to know Jesus Christ; but we spoke to more than seven hundred persons in the last after-meeting. The Lord Mayor of the town, meeting me on the street, thanked me heartily for having come to Lemgo. Pray for the new converts, and for me, that the Lord may give me the necessary strength and joy to preach His Word to others. In the community of faith and prayer, I am, Your brother and friend,

BERNHARD GOETZE.

Reading the Editor's Mail

There is not space to quote all the interesting and appealing letters that reach us daily, both from this country and from abroad. But we are anxious to keep our readers informed of the Fellowship's present attainments and future prospects, under the guidance of the Lord.

Arrangements are being made, through Brother Stettler, for the printing of Gospel tracts abroad, in the countries for which they are designated. Our friends are invited to send us copies of their favorite tracts for this purpose, and also to contribute to the support of this branch of our work, as the Lord may enable them. Such tracts will, if found suitable for our purposes, be translated into the languages of the various countries, and printed there by reliable brethren, known to us. In cases where a country has no supply of paper available, the tracts will be printed in Switzerland and forwarded from there. Wherever possible, the names of special donors will appear on these tracts. It must be borne in mind, however, that certain countries of Europe are hostile to any printed matter which does not originate within their own boundaries. In printing for such countries, we must omit not only the name of the donor, but even our own imprint. Here is a true chance to give, not letting thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth; to lend, not hoping for any return.

Brother Stettler has ministered the Word with power in various mid-Western cities, returning East at the end of October for some speaking engagements in New York and vicinity, before he sails. You may still be able to secure an appointment for your church, if you write us without delay.

Pastor Bernhard Goetze, whose description of his preaching ministry you have read on the preceding page, thanks us for CARE packages and clothing packages, with which he ministers to the needy; also for Scripture portions printed in German, and a supply of paper for some of his own printing.

The periodical "Nachrichten aus der Ostmission" describes the work of a Swiss society for missions and evangelization, which has been warmly commended to us by Brothers Stettler and Goetze. The magazine is in its sixteenth year. Under the heading, "Hunger for the Word of Life," it prints appeals and letters of gratitude for the sending of Bibles and Testaments.

From Vienna, Pastor Max Monsky sends a printed leaflet of greeting to his friends and helpers, and pays tribute to the tireless work of Sister Emmy H. Steyrer. The leaflet announces Gospel meetings which are held regularly four times a week, in that city, by him and his associates.

Sister Paulina Nikoff, of Sofia, Bulgaria, describes summer missionary trips, even during vacation-time. She and her husband climbed mountains in order to preach the Gospel. Their little son, Bojidar (the name means "gift of God"), rode on a donkey, for the way was long and tiresome. She also acknowledges packages of food and clothing, and says: "Here we never could have had butter, milk, honey, coffee, tea, and so on, if you had not sent them to us." Our missionaries receive food-packages from us monthly, and a similar ministry to their needy associates is constantly increasing. We need your special prayers that we may be able to continue this branch of our work. The requests, and the letters of gratitude, are deeply moving. Hear, for instance, the words of Emilia Schmidt, writing from Germany:

"With a heart thankful to the Lord, I received your gift, the food-parcel. God is showing His love to us, and will not that we should die, but cares for us through His children. Many, many thanks for the parcel; may the Lord reward your goodness." May we echo the words of Brother Stettler's appeal: we have nothing, except as it has been given and granted to us.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS--AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1947

(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts.)

31652----$2.00	31686---$50.00	31720---$25.00	31754---$10.00
31653-----5.00	31687----18.50	31721-----2.00	31755------.36
31654----55.00	31688-----2.00	31722-----5.00	31756----25.00
31655----50.00	31689----20.00	31723-----2.00	31757-----1.00
31656-----1.00	31690----51.00	31724-----1.00	31758-----5.00
31657----30.00	31691-----3.00	31725-----5.00	31759------.10
31658----10.00	31692-----1.00	31726-----2.00	31760----10.00
31659----10.00	31693-----5.00	31727-----1.00	31761-----5.00
31660-----1.00	31694----15.00	31728----25.00	31762----21.00
31661----10.00	31695----20.00	31729----10.00	31763---100.00
31662-----2.00	31696-----1.00	31730-----1.00	31764----25.00
31663-----6.00	31697-----2.00	31731-----3.00	31765-----7.00
31664-----2.00	31698-----5.00	31732----10.00	31766-----1.00
31665----75.00	31699----35.00	31733----10.00	31767-----3.00
31666-----5.00	31700----10.00	31734----18.00	31768------.50
31667----10.00	31701-----1.00	31735----10.00	31769----26.00
31668-----1.00	31702----10.00	31736-----1.00	31770----10.00
31669----18.00	31703-----1.00	31737----10.00	31771----19.49
31670------.81	31704-----3.15	31738-----1.00	31772-----2.00
31671-----1.00	31705-----1.00	31739-----8.06	31773-----1.00
31672----35.00	31706-----5.00	31740----75.00	31774----10.00
31673----10.00	31707-----5.00	31741---150.00	31775-----6.13
31674----20.00	31708----10.00	31742----50.00	31776----35.00
31675----10.00	31709-----3.00	31743----30.00	31777----10.00
31676----10.00	31710----40.00	31744-----5.00	31778-----2.00
31677----10.00	31711----50.00	31745-----4.50	31779-----1.00
31678-----2.00	31712----50.00	31746-----2.00	31780-----5.00
31679----10.00	31713-----1.00	31747----25.00	31781----10.00
31680-----2.00	31714---100.00	31748-----2.00	31782-----2.00
31681-----5.00	31715----10.00	31749-----5.00	31783----50.00
31682-----8.75	31716-----1.00	31750----50.00	31784----40.00
31683----50.00	31717-----5.00	31751-----1.00	31785----10.00
31684-----1.00	31718-----1.50	31752----50.00	31786----10.00
31685----15.00	31719-----8.00	31753----10.00	

The Auditor's Report

First National Bank in Yonkers,
Yonkers, N. Y., July 31, 1947.

Dr. Catherine Ruth Smith,
15 Philipse Place,
Yonkers, New York.

Dear Dr. Smith:-

Regarding the American-European Fellowship, I hereby certify that the books of the above society have been audited for the period from June 30, 1945, to June 30, 1947, inclusive, and have been found to be in order to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Very truly yours,
THOMAS R. McCUE,
Note Teller,
First National Bank in Yonkers.